

IN MEMORIAM!

THE HON. T. D. MCGEE.

Dedicated to his sorrowing Widow.

"Cum lugente, lugebo."

Dead!—and by a death terrific!—

Erin, hear it!—Can it be,

The young spirit so prolific

Beats no more in *great McGee*?

Dies irae!—break it gently—

Oh! let pleasure hold her breath!

For 'tis true that tongue so mighty

Now lies cold in silent death!

Breathe his name in muffled numbers!

Gather, nations, round his bier!

Gaze upon him as he slumbers,

Starting pity's choicest tear!

Nature seems to've caught the spirit

Of his sad, yet noble, fall,

And, through sympathy for merit,

Drops to-day her *virgin pall*.

Envy may spit all her rancour—

Strike at *honesty* her best—

She but does his body honour,

While she sends his soul to rest.

Patriot, orator, and statesman

Of unsullied purity;

With such pow'rs were interwoven

Fairest flow'rs of *poetry*.

But no longer chained in wonder

Shall admiring throngs rejoice,

Or give back applause in thunder

To the *magic of his voice*!

Hope, though like a paraphellion,

Cheers us in our awful gloom:

For 'tis sweet to *see Religion*

Smoothed his pathway to the tomb.

Noblest forms must, soon or later,

Mingle with their kindred dust,

While their spirits rise to brighter

Regions of the happy *just*.

Spirits! bear his soul to heaven!

And, what's left,—a *glorious name*!—

Be it reverently given

To be canonized by *fame*!

Ah! but who can consolation

To his orphans now impart!

Or can sooth in dereliction

His poor widow's breaking heart!

Let us breathe a *De profundis*,

That a bright eternity

May receive the spirit of *his*

Own originality!

P. J. BUCKLEY.

GRAND SEMINARY,
Montreal, 8th April, 1868.